From Coffee to Love

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/53666326.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter & Will Graham
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Beverly Katz
Additional Tags:	Hannigram - Freeform, Cruise Ship, Pillow Princess Will Graham, Smut, blowjob, Rough Sex, Miscommunication, Coffee Shop, Coffee mug, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Oral Sex, Fingering, these two are such idiots i swear, i can't even justify them, they deserve each other, will really hates cruise ship, not the party kind, no betas we die like my sanity, Meet-Cute, Sort Of, Love at First Sight, cruise ship sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 12 of Hannigram
Collections:	Will Graham's Ass — Scramble I
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-10 Words: 4,157 Chapters: 1/1

From Coffee to Love

by Metaphysicalash

Summary

The Sassy Science group, along with Jack Crawford, drag Will on a cruise ship holiday, and needless to say, Will hates it. He much rather stay at home with his dogs, tinker with some machinery, surrounded by peace and quiet. But no, he's aboard a huge luxury ship and it's nauseating being on the sea.

In such times, coffee is his best friend. It's at a coffee shop aboard the ship where he meets Doctor Hannibal Lecter. And Hannibal turns out to be the biggest redeeming quality of the entire holiday. The best part of it, actually.

Notes

Posting a day late after the original submission date T___T But I somehow managed to finish it! <3Hope you guys like this silly little thing. I was literally "scrambling" to finish this during a busy work schedule, so excuse any errors. I didn't get time to edit it <3

Will had never been on a cruise ship in his life. Well, he'd been on a boat once but that was relatively more tranquil and less noisy and crowded and suffocating than a cruise ship. Will already felt like he wanted to leap off the ship and take the lifeboat back to shore. He wouldn't have even boarded it if it wasn't for Beverly.

"Come on, Will, it's a celebration," she had said. "The team's taking a break. Seriously, we all need one, okay? Our job isn't normal, but maybe we can do something normal."

To Will, there were a lot of 'normal' things to do aside from this, like staying home, curling in his blanket by the fireplace with a book and his seven dogs. Now that was a proper holiday. A staycation of sorts, if you will.

As the rest of ‘Team Sassy Science’ were chatting and awkwardly dancing to some music, Beverly gave Will a side glance, raising a hand outwards as if telling him he should quit moping and join in. But even she ultimately knew he wouldn’t give in to what he considered a waste of his time. Will made his way to the ship’s swanky coffee shop. Well, at the very least, he could make the most out of the free coffee and food.

The coffee shop wasn’t too crowded, which was good. There were only a few people sitting near the tables, engrossed in incoherent conversations. Someone next to Will ordered the same coffee he did, but Will didn’t pay attention. As usual, he was lost in his head while the barista made his drink.

“A cappuccino!” the barista called.

Will snapped out of his reverie and reached for the cup, at the same time as an older man. Their fingers briefly brushed and Will felt a tingle. His blue gaze met amber eyes that peered right through him. Will looked at the somewhat pouty upper lip that smiled at him, the golden brown bangs that fell down the older man’s forehead, the cheekbones, before his trance was broken by a deep Lithuanian accent.

“Excuse me,” the older man spoke. “Please go ahead.”

Will forced himself to focus, blurting out “uh” and “um” before he managed to string together words to form a coherent sentence. “No, you can have it.”

The older man smiled wider. “Please, I insist.” His lips parted to reveal a peek of his fang-like teeth.

Will awkwardly took the coffee. “Thanks.”

The barista made another cappuccino, which the older man took and turned to Will.

“Doctor Hannibal Lecter,” he said. “And you must be Will Graham.”

“Have we met?”

“Not personally, no. I couldn’t help but overhear the conversation between your colleagues, forgive me. Also, Jack Crawford is a friend.”

“Ah.”

All the passengers aboard the ship were in a celebratory mood, a crowd enjoying drinks and music, and Will was like an outlier. He simply watched from a distance, sighing to himself. The ship was way too huge for him. Too overwhelming. Overstimulating, and not in a good way.

“I know a place devoid of boisterous passengers.” Hannibal broke the silence. “If you don’t mind having me as company.”

Honestly, Will just wanted to get the hell out of there. Any quiet place sounded nice, so he nodded, and let Hannibal lead him to the other side, to the observation deck, which was so

mercifully quiet. Will sighed and leaned against the railing with his coffee, closing his eyes and taking in the crisp breeze.

“This is a lot better, thank you,” he said.

Hannibal sipped his coffee. “You seem to have quite the reputation in the BAU, or so Jack tells me.”

Will wanted to roll his eyes at that but refrained, and instead drank his coffee. “Oh yeah? What else did he say?”

“That I needed to take your psych eval.”

Jeez. “Of course he did.”

“This might be an early judgment, but from the conversations I’ve had with Jack, it seems to me that he thinks of you as fine china. Only to be taken out on special occasions.”

Will chuckled softly. “What? Am I that special?”

The sight of Will’s laughter prompted Hannibal to smile as well. “To him, yes.”

“Do you think the same?”

“I think you are the mongoose I want under the house when the snakes slither by.”

Will paused at that unusual analogy and raised his brows. “Right.”

As he took another sip of his coffee, he was oblivious to the smear of coffee on his lips. Hannibal raised a hand and paused mid-air, waiting to see if Will would move away and reject his advances.

For some reason, Will didn’t disapprove of his advances. He found himself ensnared by the older man’s charm, clearly noticing how he was different from the crowd. In fact, Will found himself turning his face further towards him so Hannibal could wipe the foam off his lips with his thumb. And even that brief contact sent tingles through Will.

“I understand the psych eval is frustrating,” Hannibal said. “I was also informed that you were against having a therapist. But perhaps we can have a conversation in my room later. You don’t have to think of me as a therapist.”

“What do I think of you then?”

“Anything you want. While you’re with me, you’re in a safe space. So our conversations can be whatever you want them to be. Don’t worry about the psych eval. I much rather Jack didn’t interfere with our sessions.”

Will felt at ease around him, strangely enough. That never happened before. He built high walls around his personal space, and didn’t accept anyone intruding. But Hannibal was the only one audacious enough to climb over those walls. Besides, Will had to have

conversations with him sooner or later, since Jack insisted. Maybe he could use the conversations as an excuse to escape the nauseating music and noise on the ship.

“Alright.”

Hannibal nodded in approval. “We can meet at my cabin at the lower levels. I always prefer midship cabins. They’re stable. Would seven PM work for you?”

“I suppose.”

“We can meet at the café from where we came.”

"Right."

There was that lingering gaze, lasting longer than necessary before Will forced himself to look away. He excused himself with an awkward nod before walking away.

***

There was some kind of a party that evening aboard the cruise ship, and Will restlessly searched for Hannibal’s cabin. He felt overstimulated by the noise. To make it worse, an excited woman accidentally spilled wine on him. He didn’t even bother hearing her apology, just scoffed in frustration, adjusted his glasses and walked off. Making his way to that café where he first met Hannibal, he took a seat near a table, interlocking his hands on the table and looking at no one and nothing in particular. His eyes just flitted aimlessly, without landing on anything for too long. He didn't want to make eye contact with anyone.

Speaking of eye contact, it surprised him when he thought about how Hannibal was the first person he looked in the eye. That was bizarre. He'd only just met the man, and yet... Something about the aura Hannibal gave Will the impression that he stood out from other people. There was something unsettling about him, yet something intriguing, like he was a walking, breathing magnet. His accent was alluring, Will had to admit.

While he waited for Hannibal to arrive, he ordered an espresso.

That one espresso turned into two. And then was followed by a slice of tiramisu cake.

Thirty minutes passed....

Forty minutes...

No Hannibal.

At this point, it had been an hour, and Will was upset. Pissed. He hated himself for blindly trusting a complete stranger. He couldn't believe he had let down his walls for a moment, those walls that kept everyone away. He felt humiliated. Turned out, Hannibal made a fool of him. He was called aboard the ship by Jack Crawford, and the whole idea of talking to Will was Jack's idea too. What the fuck did Will expect?

Will dropped the spoon with a clatter and left the cafe in a huff, pulling his jacket closer to hide the wine stain on his shirt. His face fixed in an expression that threatened to punch anyone who spoke to him. And right at this unfortunate point of time, he bumped into Beverly. It didn't even take a second for her to pick up on his mood.

"Jesus, what's up with you?" Beverly eyed him from head to toe. "You look like you just had a bad date."

"This wouldn't be any different." Will blew a gust of air in vexation.

"So... uh, someone got pissed and threw wine on you?"

"No, it was an accident."

"Then what happened?"

"I was supposed to meet someone, and that someone didn't show."

Beverly quickly put two and two together and her lips parted in an 'ahhh' kind of way. "Who were you supposed to meet?"

Will contemplated on whether to tell her the truth, but his brain was too fried to think too much. "Hannibal."

She raised her brow. "Doctor Lecter? Oh, I did bump into him about ten minutes ago. He was talking to Alana."

That just irked Will all the more, and he gave a spiteful chuckle. "Oh? Alana? Well, if you see Hannibal, give him a message. I don't need therapy."

Beverly was baffled, watching the man walk off in a huff. Just when she thought she made progress with understanding him, her criminal profiler friend always managed to surprise or confuse her in new ways. Barely ten more minutes has passed before she spotted Hannibal heading toward the cafe, dressed in a beige three-piece suit. He stopped when he saw her.

"Agent Katz." He gave her a nod.

"You missed him," she said, matter-of-factly.

Any momentary expressions of disappointment on Hannibal's impassive face were fleeting and subtle, easily going unnoticed. Although his voice did drop in volume a bit. "... I see."

"He also told me to tell you that he doesn't need therapy."

There was that fleeting disappointment on Hannibal's face again. 'I don't need therapy' was Will Graham language for 'You can fuck off. I don't need you'.

"Where can I find Will now?"

Beverly shrugged. "I really suggest you give him some time. Trust me, he's stubborn as a mule. He won't give you any second of the day right now. Let him cool off a bit."

That was the last thing Hannibal wanted to hear, but since he had stood Will up, he had no choice but to let him be for the night.

***

Needless to say, Will woke up crotchety as usual, hair messed up, grey shirt and blue boxers wrinkled, but he couldn't give a fuck. He didn't exactly plan too much for this spontaneous cruise holiday and only brought two shirts, one formal and the other he wore to bed, a pair of jeans and trousers, a jacket and an old blazer. The lot of them looked like he snatched them from a thrift store. Usually, he maintained his clothes quite well. But that was back in Wolf Trap, at his cozy little home with his dogs. Where he didn't have to give a shit about planning and cruising.

His shirt was soaked in sweat as per bloody usual. He pulled it off and dried himself with a towel. His damp hair stuck to his forehead. He managed to at least wash his face before someone knocked on the cabin door. At this point, he couldn't give a shit that he was in boxers and opened the door to see Hannibal standing there with a silver tray covered by a lid. A bag hung from his arm.

Hannibal's lips parted slightly at the sight of Will in just his boxers, and had to consciously control his arousal, masking it with a smile. "Good morning, Will."

"What do you want?" Will's words cut sharper than he intended.

"To apologize, and bring you some breakfast. I would like to explain myself if you will give me a few minutes. Please. I assure you, my absence last night was not intentional."

Will let him in and shut the door.

Hannibal placed the tray on a small table, catching a good glimpse of Will's lean, muscular frame. "The reason I didn't show up is because—"

"You were talking to Alana, I know."

"Then you must know that she told me to stay away from you."

Will's eyebrows furrowed at him. "Why?"

"She thinks you're not "in the right state of mind" to have a therapist. Or rather, me. She thinks she is more privy to your wellbeing and your temperament than I am."

That annoyed Will more. He had always found Alana's judgments irksome. "Right."

"But I still insisted on seeing you, because you are not some broken object that needs to be fixed. You just need someone to accept you and understand you. See you for who you are rather than shape you to fit into their molds." He pauses. "I see you, Will."

For once, Will had no words. He held his sweaty shirt in his hands, staring at it. When someone made the effort to actually understand him, he felt vulnerable. And it was the first. How easily Hannibal managed to pick the lock to the doors that guarded his soul.

"... Thank you..." he mumbled awkwardly.

Hannibal smiled. "I had the foresight of picking up some clothes for you."

"You didn't have to."

"Correct. I *wanted* to. It was my choice."

He approached closer to Will and placed a fresh pair of trousers and a salmon shirt that looked like they cost half of Will's salary.

"Uh, they, uh... I don't think they'd suit me." Will rubbed the back of his neck. "I mean, I'm fine with thrift store clothes."

"I am not fine with that." Hannibal slowly brushed the curls away from Will's face. He didn't care that they were damp. "Forgive me, if I am to give something to a friend, I much rather it be worth it."

"Is that what we are? Friends?"

Hannibal's voice dropped to a whisper. "You tell me."

Will glanced at those lips, wondering what it would feel like to...

Well, he didn't want to wonder. He wanted to take a chance. So, closing the gap between them, Will pressed his lips to Hannibal's. Hannibal responded, wrapping his arms around the younger man and pulling him close, running his hand through Will's curls. His fingers massaged Will's scalp, prompting the younger man to gasp softly against his mouth.

Their breaths turned heavier, their chests rising and falling. Will could smell the expensive aftershave and cologne on Hannibal, and it made him hungry for more.

"My beautiful boy," said Hannibal.

Clearly, Will was starved for affection because he didn't expect a compliment like that would send warmth pooling in his stomach like a and spreading throughout his body. He could protest, he could get the hell out of that cabin. But as Hannibal inched closer to him, he couldn't move. Like his body stopped listening to him. The second Hannibal's lips met his, that warmth in his body grew hotter.

Will let the kiss happen, let it go on longer, and longer. He parted his lips slightly and closed his eyes, savoring the softness of Hannibal's mouth against his. The older man's hand was on his face, sliding downwards, touching his neck, and shoulders, before settling on his arms. Hannibal placed the shirt on a nearby chair so he could give his entire attention to Will. The kiss grew fierce now, with their lips devouring each other, their tongues intertwining and

tasting, Hannibal's hands running along Will's back. The moans that escaped Will's mouth were music to Hannibal's ears.

Will was still a bit hesitant. He had a tendency to feel guilty, to feel like he shouldn't allow himself to enjoy the pleasure. But it was clear to him that the older man desired him. When Hannibal pulled him in for another kiss, Will gave in completely, letting the kiss last longer than necessary.

Their mouths broke apart, and their hands roamed around their bodies. Hannibal undid his suit, removing it with finesse and placing it neatly on a chair, before going to work on his shirt and vest. Will's breath caught in his throat when he saw the older man's body, running his hands along the dusting of hair along Hannibal's chest.

Hannibal walked Will backwards until they fell on the bed, with Hannibal on top of Will. His mouth latched onto the younger man's neck, sucking, licking, biting. Will was like a meal for him. Hannibal could never get enough of him. Will was a drug that hit like no other. He kissed the hollow of Will's throat, his collarbone, and his nipples.

The way the older man worshipped him was surreal, and Will's skin was on fire. His hips bucked, seeking friction. Hannibal slid downwards, tugging at Will's boxers, and sliding them off with ease. He then went to the bag he had brought along with him, opened the flap and fished inside the bag for a bottle of lube.

It was a bit amusing to Will because he didn't expect prior preparation. "There's no way you could've predicted this."

Hannibal smiled, taking some of the lube onto his fingers. "I was hoping for it."

"You were—oh."

Hannibal made his way to Will, drinking in the perfect picture of the naked man on the bed. "Take a deep breath."

Just that was enough to make Will shiver. His legs parted automatically as Hannibal kneeled between his thighs. The older man's fingers traced along his perineum, before they were slick and wet, teasing Will's entrance. One finger eased its way in, then a second. Will had to bite back a moan as Hannibal worked his fingers inside him, thrusting slowly and curling his fingers. The older man was meticulous, and his touches were like fire, making Will writhe and whimper.

"Fuck," Will choked, pre-cum spilling over his stomach. "Hannibal."

He wasn't expecting Hannibal to actually lean down and take him in his mouth while fingering him with one hand, tongue flicking over the head of his cock and licking the sensitive underside. Will's hips rocked as Hannibal swallowed him whole, sucking him. His fingers and toes curled in the bedsheets. He could feel his cock hitting the back of the older man's throat. Just the sounds that left his mouth were lewd. Hannibal's eyes were shut, as if savoring the taste of Will's cock, working his mouth expertly. That, along with the feeling of his fingers digging deeper into Will's flesh, drove the profiler right out of his mind.

Hannibal's fingers worked languidly, stretching and prolonging the pleasure, delighting in the way Will writhed. After all, Will was like an instrument, and Hannibal was a musician who knew exactly how to play. He pulled back, admiring the beads of sweat on the younger man's neck, before kissing his Adam's apple.

Will's chest rose and fell, and his heart pounded hard. "Please," he rasped.

How beautiful the boy was, begging like that. His voice was like music.

"Please what?" Hannibal said.

"Please, fuck me."

"Such a greedy boy. Begging for it already. But I must admit, you're quite irresistible." He grabbed the bottle of lube and slicked himself with it.

He positioned himself and entered Will with a single, fluid thrust. The younger man moaned at the sensation. He gripped Hannibal's shoulders, his nails digging into his skin. Their bodies moved together in a steady rhythm. Hannibal's lips were soft against his skin, while his cock was a stark contrast, deliciously hard, and hammering into him relentlessly. Will's head pressed back into the pillow, neck craned, his moans unabashed. He could hear the sound of Hannibal's balls slapping against his skin.

Will's eyes were screwed shut, his hands gripping the sheets tighter, and his legs wrapped around the older man. He couldn't remember the last time he'd had sex. Even if he had, it sure as hell didn't feel this spectacular. This was an unfamiliar feeling, yet at the same time, strangely familiar. Something that made him feel vulnerable, but at the same time, powerful. Powerful, because he had Hannibal enthralled. His fingers roamed across the older man's back, nails raking, and he could feel the muscles shifting under the skin. Hannibal closed his eyes and exhaled when he felt the burn of Will's nails, like he found pleasure in pain.

"Will," he growled, his facial features hardening. "Say my name."

"H-Hannibal." Will whimpered."

"Louder."

"Hannibal!"

Hannibal's hips slammed harder, his cock burying deep into Will, hitting his prostate over and over again. The younger man's cock ached and twitched, dribbling with pre-cum. Hannibal licked the sweat off Will's chest before raising one of his legs and perching it on his shoulder, opening Will wider as he pounded into his wet hole. The profiler was a panting mess. His mouth hung open, his chest glistening, his cock leaking, and his hair tousled.

"You should see yourself the way I see you," Hannibal grunted. "Someone who deserves to be ravished, and used, and worshipped."

"Ah, fuck!" Will cried, his back arching.

Hannibal gripped his thighs tighter, fingers pressing bruises into the pale skin. "So beautiful." He breathed.

He bent down and took Will's nipple into his mouth, sucking it. Will's body was burning like a blast furnace, the sting of Hannibal's teeth on his nipple sending jolts of electricity through him.

Hannibal's salt and pepper hair fell down his face, eyes dark, and mouth curled up in a snarl. He could tell Will was close. "Let go, my boy. Come for me."

A few more thrusts was all it took. Hannibal's fingers closed around Will's cock, and that was all he needed. Will's hips snapped upward as he came, ropes of white spilling over his stomach. Not long after, he felt Hannibal's muscles tense as the man emptied his load inside him, his thrusts continuing as he pumped Will full of his cum. He hissed out Will's name before collapsing onto him, lying atop the younger man and kissing his cheek.

Hannibal's weight pressed against him, heavy and warm. Their legs were tangled together, and Will could still feel his cock buried inside him. The profiler's hair was soaked, and his curls were even wilder than usual. Hannibal brushed the curls away and kissed his cheek, then the tip of his nose, and then his lips. Will closed his eyes, savoring the sweetness of the kiss. The kisses were vastly different now. Soft and tender and affectionate.

"D-Didn't you bring breakfast... for me?" Will trembled.

Hannibal let out a breathy laugh, almost imperceptible. "Yes, I did. I figured it could serve as a peace offering for missing our meeting last night."

"I'm pretty fucking sure it will."

Will swept his hair back, staring at the ceiling while he tried to wrap his head around the fact that they fucked after meeting just yesterday. While Will was naturally a picture of beauty, in his debauched state, the same could be said for Hannibal too. The sunlight cast a golden glow on Hannibal's skin, highlighting his contours, muscles. Will homed in on his firm ass. The psychiatrist was a fucking sculpture. Like someone painstakingly chiseled him out of marble.

Hannibal's dick glistened with cum, before he wiped himself off and discarded the tissue in the trash. He handed Will a towel to clean himself off, while he put on his trousers and shirt.

Will tried to stand but his legs buckled and he plopped back down on the bed. His body was tingly and sore and slightly trembling.

"Don't try to stand just yet." Hannibal came over to him, helping him sit up against the bed. He pressed a soft kiss to Will's forehead. "I will bring you your breakfast."

"Yeah..."

"I made us some quiche." Hannibal served the breakfast on two plates and brought both to the bed.

"Thanks." Will received the plate. He took a bite, savoring the flavors rolling on his tongue. He hummed. "It's delicious."

Hannibal merely bowed his head in response, and wiped off crumbs from Will's lips with his thumb. It was only after Will began eating that Hannibal finally dug into his own quiche.

"So... are you still against therapy?"

Will paused chewing, looking at him out of bright blue eyes. Then those pink lips stretched into a smile. "I'm thinking of giving it a try."

He still despite the cruise holiday, being on a ship, in a claustrophobic cabin. But if the sheer torment of enduring the noisy parties and the pointless celebrations, the sorry excuse of a vacation, meant his path would lead him to Hannibal Lecter...

Then maybe it wasn't too bad.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!